THE CHAPBOOK

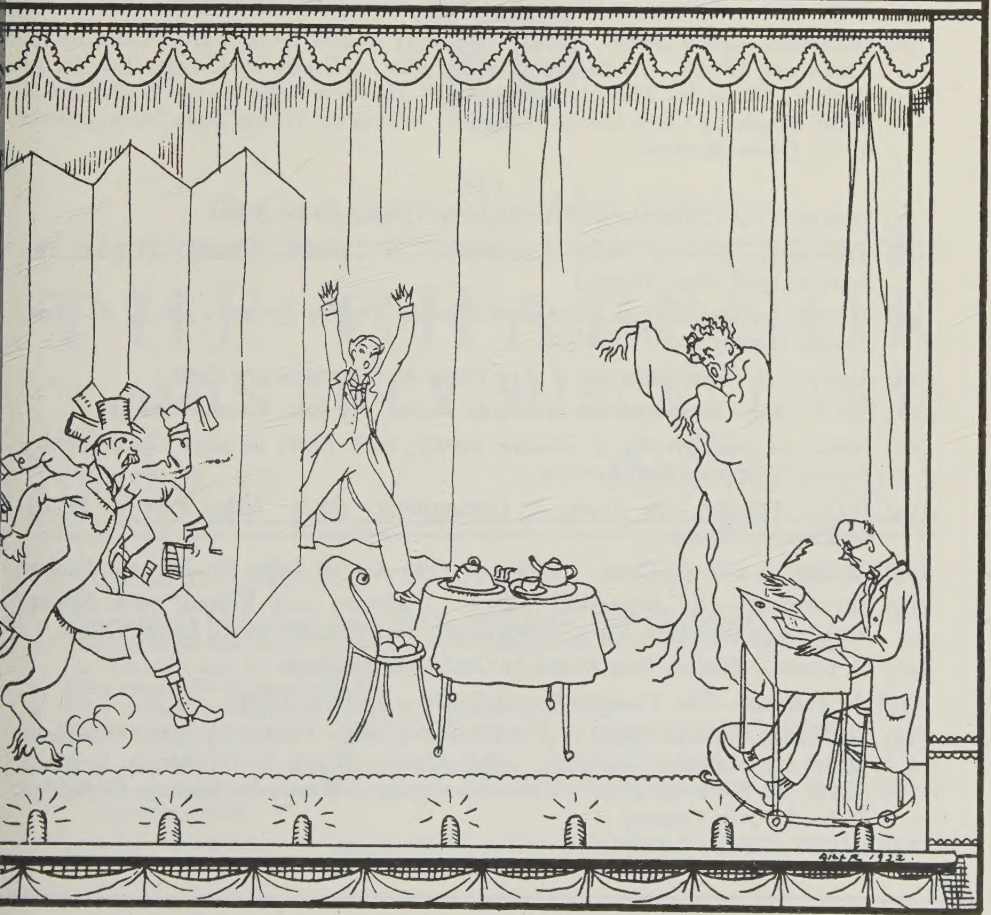
A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)

Number 32 December 1922

ONE DAY AWAKE

A MORALITY) by HAROLD MONRO

The Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, London, W.C.1



ONE SHILLING NET

THE CHAPBOOK (A Monthly Miscellany) first appeared in July, 1919. It is published on the first of each month. The following is a list of the numbers that have already appeared :

1919.

(1) JULY.—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(2) AUGUST.—*Decoration in the Theatre.* By Albert Rutherston. With four plates by the author.

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1920.

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The Cover Designs are by Albert Rutherston.

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ADDRESS: THE POETRY BOOKSHOP, 35 DEVONSHIRE STREET, THEOBALDS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

ONE DAY AWAKE

A Morality without Moral

By

HAROLD MONRO

CHARACTERS :

Animate.

John Smith.
The Anonymous Visitor.
The Cashier.
Mr. Traffic.
A Clerk } (Mutes).
A Typist }
Mr. Business.
Friends.
Enemies.
Hunger (Absent).
Amusement.
Life.
The Doctor.

Inanimate.

The Morning Bed.
The Breakfast Table.
The Office Desk (with Chair).
The Luncheon Table.
The Armchair.
The Dinner Table.
The Evening Bed.
A Few Chairs.

One Day Awake

The Stage is enclosed by heavy black Curtains which can be parted at several places, Right and Left, for the Entrance or Exit of the Characters, animate or inanimate. The only piece of permanent stage furniture is a large six-winged light grey screen which stands up Stage, Right. The Inanimate Characters enter or leave the Stage apparently without human assistance, being smoothly drawn on or off by mechanical methods from behind the Curtains R. and L. As the scene opens, John Smith's Bed is discovered at an angle of fifty degrees to the audience, slightly R. JOHN SMITH *is asleep in it, snoring profoundly. He suddenly starts up from his dream so violently that he bumps his head against the bed-post ; then he opens his eyes, and stares.*

JOHN SMITH : What was that dream ? I can't remember. What was it ? Am I awake ? I must be. There's the end of the bed all right. Six feet away every evening. Six feet away again every morning. After that long journey through the night too ! How do I know that going to sleep is not, really, waking up ; and waking up, really going to sleep ? (*Drowsily, eyes gradually closing again.*) Yes, *that* is awakening, and *this* going to sleep—or this awakening—that sleeping—this—that (*Awakens again with a start*). Ah ! I had a hint of the dream then. I know. I was in a forest, and could not find my way. The trees overshadowed me and stopped my path in every direction, until one of their trunks enclosed me and I fell in a heap below the surface. There I was entangled among roots in a moist cavern, and I heard them groaning and tearing at each other as they struggled toward the sun ; and I heard the ground creaking and cracking, and the shrill voices of flowers just above, and the little crooning whine of smaller roots. I took a plunge upward, and dragged myself through the ground. But when I was above, I felt a cold wind on my skin and wanted to be below again. I took a great plunge downward. Oh, I bumped my head !—that was what woke me. I must have hurt myself I think. I feel extraordinarily queer. (*Rubs his head.*) Am I awake, or asleep ? For that matter, alive, or dead ? Or am I perhaps imagining myself ? John Smith imagining himself to be *John Smith ?* (*Yawns.*) I think I'd better get up. But, being not certain who I am, how shall I ? . . . Ridiculous rubbish ! (*Sits up.*) Now, Smith, rub your eyes for the last time, and ask yourself to decide that vital question : John Smith, are you John Smith, and, if not, then who is John Smith ?

During the latter part of the soliloquy the ANONYMOUS VISITOR *has walked on silently from R. He is a tall, robed figure. He stands beside the bed amusedly contemplating* SMITH.

ANONYMOUS VISITOR : I am.

J. S. : Have I rubbed my eyes once too often ?

VISITOR : Or I *will* be, if you like.

J. S. : Get out of the room ! Who are you ?

VISITOR : Anyone you like.

J. S. : Where d'you come from ? Who let you in ? What's your name ?

VISITOR : Anything you like.

J. S. : This won't do for me. I want a definite understanding. I'm not prepared for you.

VISITOR : You might call me *Imagination*, or *Consciousness*, or *Instinct*, or *Folly*, according to your mood ; but, for the moment, call me, if you like, *John Smith*.

J. S. (*slightly amused*) : We shall need a legal document.—What bosh !

VISITOR : No, we shall only need Imagination. Call me that.

J. S. (*puzzled*) : What shall we do ? I mean, what will be the object ?

VISITOR : Entertainment, or Experience, or Instruction, or whatever you like. You can think you are pursuing some high Moral Purpose, or pretend you are merely performing somersaults. At the last, it won't matter.

J. S. (*momentarily yielding*) : I'm rather tempted by a Moral Purpose. But there is the day to live through. There will be Traffic and Business, and possibly a little life, real Life, itself ; and these don't go with Morality.

VISITOR : Then let's have no object. That will be modern.

J. S. (*suddenly*) : Who are you ? (*Hesitating.*) Am I awake ? (*Firmly.*) For the last time, get out before I turn you out !

The VISITOR *folds his arms and smiles.*

J. S. (*flaring*) : Intolerable impudence ! Leave me at once ! D'you hear ? I've work. I can't get up with you there, staring at me.

VISITOR (*calm*) : I'll wait for you. (*He makes toward the Screen.*)

J. S. (*rising*) : No, that's my bathroom. (SMITH *hurries behind the Screen, pushing past the* VISITOR.)

VISITOR : You'll find it rather difficult to rid yourself of me now. I've taken possession of your mind. (*Noise of* SMITH *filling bath, and then bathing.*)

J. S. : Well, hang about me if you like ; but I tell you firmly that I resent your presence. (VISITOR *follows him familiarly behind the Screen and the conversation is continued there. Meanwhile the* MORNING BED *passes off slowly L.*

VISITOR : Wonderful ! Everything seems alive to-day, doesn't it ? Everything you touch has nerves, and a soul, and a history. That water—I wonder where it came from.

J. S. : It's just my good honest English bath.

VISITOR : For the moment, yes. But what will it be afterwards ? It will escape back to the elements down a pipe. (*Sound of escaping bath water.*) You ought really to be more grateful to it. Fancy having a lake in your dressing room !

J. S. (*absently*) : Let me see ; which suit shall I wear ?

VISITOR : Oh, your clothes : think of their wonderful history ! They are everlasting. How gracious of them to lend themselves to your body for a year or two.

J. S. : Rubbish ! I paid the tailor to make them for me.

VISITOR : The tailor's shop is a very short stage in their history. And your tenure is only for another, which can be terminated by either party. You may relinquish them to a poorer than yourself, and so they pass down the social scale, and back to natural elements ; or they may relinquish you long before you are tired of them. Perhaps even to-day. You may be going to business for the last time to-day. Are you sure your heart's quite strong ? Oh, do be careful of the traffic !

During this time the BREAKFAST TABLE *has been slowly coming on from the Right. It stops R. C.*

J. S. : Good ! I can smell breakfast.

VISITOR : Have you paid for it ?

J. S. : Of course I have.

VISITOR : Are you sure ?

J. S. : Please don't worry me. My bills are paid all right. I neither neglect them nor fuss about them. I don't go into these matters too closely.

VISITOR : But you should. You miss half the pleasures of life. Where's your curiosity ? Behind the scenes an invisible Cashier is always totting up your profit and loss account. (THE CASHIER *is entering from L. with his Desk, which is on wheels, and at which he is seated, the sloping table composing one piece of furniture with the form, like a school desk. He takes up his position so as to bar approach from the Screen to the Breakfast Table. He is of the legal type, cold, grey and ugly.*) All the secrets of your material welfare are stored in his mind. But you plod on from day to day without any real foresight or back-sight at all. Have you never considered the place of the Cashier in the mysteries of your existence ?

J. S. : I am considering at the moment how to dispose of you, so that I may pursue the routine of my day unhampered.

VISITOR : Dispose of me as you like. I shall nevertheless——

J. S. : I will. You go into that chest of drawers. (*Slight struggle.*) Now I've locked you and all your rubbishy prattle into an oak drawer. And so to breakfast !

SMITH *appears at the corner of the Screen, aghast on discovering the* CASHIER, *who does not even trouble to look up.*

VISITOR (*from a distance*) : It takes more than an oak drawer to stifle me.

J. S. (*angry*) : Who are you ?

CASHIER : The Cashier.

J. S. : What's your business in my room ?

CASHIER : Your day must be paid for.

J. S. : I absolutely refuse. I've always lived on credit and I'm trusted and honoured everywhere.

CASHIER (*wearily*) : I regret to have to tell you that words like *credit* and *honour* are not in my vocabulary. I have heard of them. On their basis civilisation has produced a gigantic system of universal popular delusion. It does not affect the real circumstances. I suppose I must make myself intelligible to you through your symbols. To be brief, therefore : to-day you will cost yourself £4 2s. 8d., including Rent and deducting Income Tax Rebate, of course.

J. S. : I can't possibly afford that. My income——

CASHIER : Your income has nothing to do with it.

J. S. : There are things you can't possibly be taking into account. Minor details. General wear and tear, for instance. Or extra business that I may do. Then I may change my mind, and spend less.

CASHIER : You never change your mind. It occasionally changes you. But all that is taken into account by the Assessors.

J. S. : Will you let me eat my breakfast ?

CASHIER : Not until you have paid.

J. S. : Come, Mr. Cashier, there seems to be another point you overlook. As I was thinking only just now while dressing, anything may happen. I may not live to the end of the day.

CASHIER : Quite true.

J. S. : Well ?

CASHIER : True. . . . But you don't generally raise these difficulties. You human beings are never more troublesome than when you are trying to be smart. Why not leave me a free hand ? You won't gain anything ultimately by interference.

J. S. : You mean one has to pay precisely so much, or so much, each day for the honour of being alive ?

CASHIER : Put it that way if you like. To-day, I find you have been made an allowance of ten per cent. for intelligent curiosity. That's an ancient privilege I don't pretend to understand. Against it there is a charge of fifteen per cent. for the extra trouble you are causing, together with a tax of twenty per cent. due to me for attending here to deal with your quibbles, and another ten per cent. for personal collection. . . . . Your breakfast seems to be getting cold.

After short reflection SMITH *takes a cheque book from his breast pocket.*

J. S. : I suppose I must buy you off somehow. Will you take a cheque ?

CASHIER (*bored*) : I have always taken a cheque from you.

J. S. : (*writing*) : Yes. Yes. Of course. Let me see. Four pounds, two shillings and eightpence. Here it is.

CASHIER : But you have written it to " Self."

J. S. : Aren't the expenses my own ?

CASHIER (*with bored violence*) : If you make any more difficulties I shall refuse your money ; and that will be the end of you.

J. S. (*intimidated*) : Shall I leave the payee blank ?

CASHIER : Yes.

SMITH *signs a cheque, scowls, and throws it over. The* CASHIER *at his desk picks it up and passes off R.*

J. S. (*calling after him*) : I'll ask you in future to spare me that personal collection. I can't afford it.

CASHIER (*off*) : If you don't want me, Mr. Smith, your best plan is not to send for me.

SMITH *sits down hurriedly to breakfast and gobbles it, chattering to himself.*

J. S. : " Send for " him, indeed ! Whom shall I be sending for next I wonder ? Indigestion, if I eat at this pace. Then the doctor, perhaps. For all I know, the doctor's already included in this morning's account. What can have made that fellow say I sent for him ? (*He glances towards the Screen.*) I say, you still there ?

VISITOR (*dimly*) : Yes. And with you in spirit.

J. S. (*to himself*) : I wonder what it all means. I feel very queer. Perhaps I've got indigestion. I'd better not eat any more of this stuff.

Meanwhile the roar of TRAFFIC *has begun in a dim manner at first, but is gradually increasing. Trains, trams and omnibuses blend their tones combined with the notes of the whistle, and the Conductor's voice.* MR. TRAFFIC *himself, a motley figure, has run on and off excitedly, spasmodically. As regards noise, he is chiefly distinguished by a loud Rattle which he twiddles, like a Jester.*

J. S. (*rising*) : It's late. I must be off. Let's see. It's probably cold. Greatcoat. Hat. (*Gets them from behind Screen.*) Things seem very noisy this morning. Not worse than usual I suppose. It's my fault. I'm noticing things so ridiculously. John Smith, calm yourself, will you ? Everything is the same as usual, but, for some reason, you are quite different. This must be understood somehow. But first, calm yourself ; calm yourself !

As the roar of TRAFFIC *increases he begins walking and running excitedly about, as though catching trains, connections, etc. Suddenly* TRAFFIC *runs on again L. swinging his Rattle and bumps into him.*

TRAFFIC : Come ! Come ! Come ! Hurry up everyone, and finish breakfast. Come ! Come ! Listen to the great pendulum heaving backward and forward. Trains to be caught. Trains to be missed. Come ! Hurry ! Hurry !

J. S. : Why ?

TRAFFIC : Come ! Hurry ! Hurry ! Hurry !

J. S. : Why ?

TRAFFIC : Fool. Trains don't answer questions.

J. S. : They shall to-day. I want to know why I must hurry.

TRAFFIC : What's your train ?

J. S. : The 9.35 of course.

TRAFFIC : Then you'll miss it.

J. S. : What's that matter to you ?

TRAFFIC : Aren't you one of my customers ?

J. S. : What if I am ?

TRAFFIC : Every customer helps to pay the dividends. Hurry ! Hurry ! Hurry ! Come !

J. S. : Is that all the interest you take in me ?

TRAFFIC : I clip your ticket. What's the worry ?

J. S. : Yes, but you make me pay for clipping it. Besides, you're only a great noisy sprawling gawk, and you're in my way : I don't like you. I'd much rather walk to business ; but lately you've bought the whole earth. If I don't hire you to carry me, you bawl into my ears, or you knock me down. You haven't left me a peaceful corner on the whole world. You're a bully.

TRAFFIC : Now then, move along there *please !*

BREAKFAST TABLE *moves off slowly R.* SMITH *adjusts his hat and coat.*

J. S. : He's not listening to a word I say.—Are you deaf ?

TRAFFIC : Your Season Ticket, sir, please ?

J. S. (*meekly showing his Season Ticket and then walking about meditatively*) : He and *Hunger* are in league. I know their idea. Every day the same panic is raised. " There will be no bread on your table this evening unless you go out and win it." Cashier presents his bill, and *men* bolt from their houses. Then that fellow Traffic takes them in hand. This evening he'll whirl them all back home, and they'll rush to their houses to find out whether the bread's come. But he's only an ignorant simpleton.—I say !

TRAFFIC : Yes, sir.

J. S. : What's the object of travelling ?

TRAFFIC : Why, to get from one place to another.

J. S. : What's the best way to travel ?

TRAFFIC : Why, the fastest and cheapest.

J. S. : And who is benefited by travelling ?

TRAFFIC : Why, the Company, of course.

J. S. : Lout !

The roar gradually subsides. TRAFFIC, *after a few more circuits of the stage, slouches off dejectedly L.* OFFICE DESK (*with chair*) *enters R. On it is a pile of correspondence and a telephone ; attached to the side of it a tall hat stand.* SMITH *leisurely hangs up his hat and coat, sits down at the desk, and begins opening the correspondence. From time to time the clerk or the typist bustles on, to whom he silently hands letters or documents. After a little his head sinks into his hands.*

J. S. : Yesterday. To-day. To-morrow. Then, next week—next month—next year. The only escape from thought is Habit. Here's the little altar at which I officiate every day. This correspondence is my bible. Those mutes are my acolytes. (*The clerk enters and receives a pile of documents from his hands. The telephone bell rings.*) That is the voice of God. (*Takes off receiver.*) What's the Oracle to-day ?—" Sorry you have been troubled." Is that it ? God, I won't let myself be troubled much longer.—Now, I'll just finish reading the Lessons

(*looking through correspondence*)—A Statement—A Receipt—An Invoice—What's this ?—" Dear Sirs, Yours of the 15th to hand is duly noted.—Sirs, the Goods to which you refer in your letter of the 31st ult. were despatched to you on the 30th ult.—Gentlemen, We beg to inform you that all our prices have now been slightly reduced.—Dear Mr. Smith, We should be obliged if your representative would call upon us as early as poss——"

While he has been reading the letters MR. BUSINESS *has entered R. and is now leaning with clasped hands over the back of the Desk. He is dressed shabbily in a top hat and tail coat.* SMITH *suddenly catches sight of him.*

BUSINESS : Good morning, Mr. Smith. Is there anything I can do for you to-day ?

J. S. : Excuse me, but have you an appointment ?

BUSINESS : General Standing Appointment. You don't recollect me, perhaps ? My card !

J. S. : But—but—er—this card is blank.

BUSINESS : Oh, have I given you a blank one ? Well, I fill them in to suit the circs.—of the moment. Between you and I—these formalities—well—I think we must have known each other about nineteen years.

J. S. : Excuse me, sir, but I don't think——

BUSINESS : Oh, that's all right, Mr. Smith, quite all right. I understand you. Don't apologise for not recognising me at first.

J. S. : I suppose I ought to have, but really to-day everything seems——

BUSINESS : That's what I feared, and the reason I have called. But please don't let me interrupt you opening your letters.

J. S. : I feel no heart for them. I don't know why I tell you. The hollow formalities of business have become very monotonous to me. Now that I look at you again, I seem to remember noticing you about nineteen years ago when I first came into the office. Have we really known each other all that while ? One grows so accustomed that one stops

noticing, until suddenly (like to-day, for instance), one begins to notice too much. Oh, I'm tired of the whole thing.

BUSINESS : Now, don't say that, Mr. Smith. Cheer up, my friend. I admire you and I admire your firm. Between you and I, I have always thought your commercial integrity magnificent, so I have—to be honest with you.

J. S. : But who, pray, are you that you come patronising me in this fashion ?

BUSINESS : You still don't recognise me ? Ah well, it's not surprising. But you would have once ; before I took to these clothes. Once, I wore a purple embroidered mantle. But one's habits must be fitted to one's times. That's the only way to get on.

J. S. : Yes, Mr.—Mr.—let me see——

BUSINESS : *Business*—Mr. Business.

J. S. : Mr. Business—of course. You come from very old stock. There must be nothing about life you do not know.

BUSINESS : Nothing about life that I do know you ought to say, Mr. Smith. Business relations begin where human relations end. I can't understand why you people go on making the mistake of imagining some connection between Business and what they call *life*. It has been your own error too often lately.

J. S. : How do you know, sir ? Really—Well !——

BUSINESS : All correspondence passes before me. I overhear all telephone conversations. I have to look after my interests.

J. S. : You are a god.

BUSINESS : Not at all. I am a simple self-made man.—As regards the customs, respectively, of each century (to which one has had to conform), such as, in the seventeenth, going to Court ; in the eighteenth, drinking Port Wine ; in the nineteenth, going to Church ; with all due respect to these, conformity to which any good Business Man must have made essential to his success,—otherwise, I have made a point, through all the centuries, of knowing as little as possible about the

human, or, as some people call it, *humane*, side of whatever I have been exploiting. Why, it stands to reason. If a soldier (and the Military Business still remains the highest business in the world) were to pity the enemy, would he fight ? If a butcher felt sorry for the poor cattle, could he sell meat ? Take flour—it's not really flour of course ; but then the demand for bread must be met somehow. If a preserved food dealer were to scrap the contents of every bad tin, think of the enormous wastage ! Yet, as far as we know, many fewer people die of tinned food than from natural causes.

J. S. : Do you mind whether people are poisoned ?

BUSINESS : Certainly. In the tinned food business, we want people to buy tinned foods. If we poison them, well—to put it bluntly—we lose customers. But what I'm telling you is surely well known. If a lawyer advised his clients not to go to law, what would become of his fees ? If doctors spared themselves time to sympathise with their patients, how could they afford Harley Street and a Rolls Royce ?—Without these, their patients would not trust them. The publisher who has a taste for literature is, as publisher, damned. Even the parson, whom I despise (but *respect*, of course), must not know, or must pretend not to know, the Souls of his Congregation—if he wants to keep his living.

J. S. : All this is good business ?

BUSINESS : It is more. It is Business Idealism. It hails from the earliest life of all communities. I have said that I am a plain self-made man, because I am. In every period I am re-made and self-re-made. Do you realise that Man cannot live but by Business alone ? I am responsible for every sound transaction that has ever taken place in the world, from the Devil's mortgage on the Garden of Eden to the purchase by the British Empire of the Suez Canal. Even Trades' Unions are my work.

J. S. : Why are you telling me all this ?

BUSINESS : Only in the course of conversation, Mr. Smith.

J. S. : But my views are not the same as yours.

BUSINESS : Indeed, Mr. Smith, you must not take me too seriously. All this is between you and I. You can't imagine me going about in a black coat and talking that high-flown stuff to everybody. Why, I might

be kicked out of the room. Idealism is hardly what most people are after nowadays. But when I come across a clever man like yourself, I feel entitled to indulge in a little sentiment. Have a cigar, will you ? No ? Don't smoke in the morning perhaps ? Well, as I was saying, the principle involved in any particular transaction has no relation to the general principles of Business as a whole. Every deal has to be weighed on its own merits. That is why I want to get you on my side.

J. S. : What do you think of John Smith, Ltd.,—this firm ?

BUSINESS : Greatest respect, my dear Mr. Smith—as I have told you.

J. S. : But how can you have ?

BUSINESS : Nothing shady. Honesty itself.

J. S. : But, Mr. Business, our principles are at variance with every opinion you've expressed.

BUSINESS (*affably*) : Bless you, my dear Mr. Smith, I was only trying to be polite. You'll go smash, of course. Please do be obvious. Anyone could tell you that.

Enter FOOD *L. and taps* SMITH *lightly on the shoulder. He is dressed in evening clothes, as a thin unassuming waiter.* SMITH *pays no attention.*

BUSINESS : Lunch-time, I think, Mr. Smith !

J. S. (*recoiling*) : Why ?

BUSINESS : Lunch with me perhaps ? Oysters ? Holbein Resturant ? (*He gently pulls the Office Desk into the Wings R.*).

J. S. : Not to-day, thank you, Mr. Business. I'm on a diet.

BUSINESS : Diet ! Oh, terrible ! I've tried that. Well, next week perhaps ? Hope to see you again soon. Ta ! Ta !

MR. BUSINESS *retires R.* FOOD *enters again L. and taps* SMITH *on the shoulder. The* LUNCH TABLE *follows him on, and remains L.C.* SMITH *mechanically sits at it L., towards R.* FOOD *serves him with a steaming plate and hands him a newspaper.* SMITH *looks up at* FOOD *suspiciously.*

J. S. : Who are you ?

FOOD : *Food*, sir ; the waiter, sir.

J. S. : Why do you hand me the paper ?

FOOD : News, sir, is very like food ; for daily consumption, sir.

J. S. : I suppose you find the newspaper helps you in your work. Distracts people's attention from your poison ?

FOOD : Not exactly that, sir.

J. S. : Sycophant !

FOOD : I'll put it on order, sir.

J. S. : Food, d'you remember when you and I used to hunt together, in the old days before you went into the Second Hand Trade ?

FOOD : I've never been a sportsman, sir.

J. S. : Rubbish, Food. In dress clothes, who could remember his own past ? Real hunting isn't sport at any time. Have you ever been in a slaughter-house, Food ? The slaughterman's the modern hunter. Food, you and I were once the most powerful men on earth. But now you have disowned your great big brother *Hunger*, resigned the whole kingdom to him, and all the power is his own. You !—While I have money in my pocket, you lavish upon me anything I want. Yes. But the moment money fails, you will fetch your great swaggering brother to throw me out of the restaurant. You chose the life of a parasite, didn't you ?—Food !

FOOD : Very good, sir.

J. S. : Meanwhile your brother, the bully, Hunger, controls the lives of millions—all innocent——

FOOD, *slightly exasperated, whispers confidentially into* SMITH'S *ear.*

J. S. : What are you whispering to me ?—A Morality Play ?

FOOD *whispers to him again, tapping his shoulder.*

J. S. : I understand. I am *Everyman* in this play, and I am not keeping to my words. It is the orthodox part to receive advice, not to give it ?

FOOD : Precisely, sir.

J. S. : Very well, Food. I'll read the newspaper. It's the first opportunity I've had to-day.

FOOD : Thank you, sir. I've found that gentlemen who read the newspaper always get on best. In fact, everything we know comes out of newspapers, and those that don't read them simply don't know what to talk about. Then they begin slanging me. Poor me, my appetite is so bad nowadays. Positively everything gives me indigestion. As for me teeth, I lost them long ago.

FOOD *begins bustling about on and off.* FRIENDS, *small, charming and brightly dressed, enters quietly up stage L., behind* SMITH. ENEMIES, *lanky, sour and darkly dressed, immediately runs out from behind the Screen to intercept him, and clasps his hand. They talk up stage, unseen by* SMITH.

ENEMIES : How do you do ? I think we have met once or twice before. Are you looking for our mutual friend, Smith ?

FRIENDS : Well, I was. Let me see : I forget your name.

ENEMIES : Enemies ; pronounced En—ém—i—ēs, you know. It's a very old name. I'm so glad to meet you again, Mr. Friends. You've heard all about John Smith I suppose ?

FRIENDS : No. What ?

ENEMIES : So sad. Don't mention it to him. His firm is bankrupt—or nearly, so I'm told.

FRIENDS : Never ! I *am* sorry.

ENEMIES : They say he's wonderful about it.—Why, there he is !

J. S. (*seeing them*) : My dear Friends, I am so glad to see you. Do come and sit down. And you, Mr. Enemies, do you often lunch here ?

ENEMIES : No, but I very much wanted to see you to-day, to tell you what extraordinary things are being said about you, and to put you on your guard, my dear fellow.

J. S. : Tell me all that later.—How are you, Friends ?

FRIENDS : I'm quite well. But you're looking ill.

ENEMIES : Yes, isn't he ? (*To Smith.*) I've been hearing dreadful reports about you.

J. S. : I assure you, Mr. Enemies, I can guess where they all arise.

ENEMIES : Bah, you can't ! They come from people you don't even know.

J. S. : Food, bring the menu !

FOOD : Yes, sir.

J. S. : Now what are you eating to-day, Friends ?

While they are choosing, ENEMIES *draws* FOOD *quietly to him.*

ENEMIES (*into* FOOD'S *ear*) : Food, you know you must take care of that gentleman ? He's——

FOOD : Very good, sir.

ENEMIES : Is that his first bottle ?

FOOD : Yes, sir.

ENEMIES : Well, you'd better bring another ; but be careful not to let him have too much of it.

FOOD : I understand, sir.

FOOD *hurries off L.* ENEMIES *re-assumes affableness.*

ENEMIES : You and Mr. Friends have known each other a long time, I suppose ?

FRIENDS (*to* J. S.) : How long is it, Johnnie ?

J. S. : I can't remember. (*To Enemies.*) But if you are particularly interested we might be able to look the matter up.

ENEMIES : Oh, no. I only wondered. I'm often asked how long you've known each other. I have to stand up for you sometimes because people say rather queer things about both of you. But what really distresses me is that you are not looking well, my dear Smith.

J. S. : Shall I describe my illness ?—No, I don't think I will.

ENEMIES : Just as you like. You can trust both of us.

J. S. : I will.—But I am not sure that I can. You would not understand it. (ENEMIES *kicks* FRIENDS *under the table and makes a sign to him.*) It is to do with my brain, I think.

ENEMIES : Not actually *that ?*

J. S. : Either I am thinking, or I am seeing, too clearly. I feel as if I were awake for the first time, or else as if I were asleep, dreaming ; but I am not sure which. For instance you, Mr. Enemies, are like a figure in a nightmare. I can see into the middle of your heart. It's full of worms. I can see through you too, and out the other side. I never noticed before that you are transparent.

ENEMIES (*aside*) : How offensive ! But I must humour him, poor fellow.

J. S. : I always thought until to-day that there existed some human rule, or principle, that obliged me to be civil to you. But if you are a ghost, as I now observe, why should I so much as regard your presence ? Perhaps you do exist only in dream. Some of our worst ills are imaginary. Anyway, I wonder whether your sport will lose its zest if I tell you that I am one of the most unprincipled and immoral men in Europe, that I am on the verge of bankruptcy, and shall probably be sent within the next few weeks either to gaol or to a lunatic asylum, unless, of course, I die of drink in the meantime. Further, you can make public property of all these circumstances as soon and as maliciously as you please, on the condition only that, for our mutual comfort, neither of us sets eyes upon the other again.

ENEMIES : I thank God that I am a Christian and that in spite of your challenge I would rather make peace with you here and now than accept your conditions.

J. S. : Food, will you kindly inform that gentleman that he is not of our party ?

FOOD : Excuse me, sir, there is a slight difficulty.

J. S. : What ?

FOOD : Mr. Enemies has already paid the bill.

J. S. (*to Enemies*) : Oh, so now you'll be able to say that I have borrowed money from you, won't you ?

ENEMIES : I am misunderstood as usual. It was to save you the ignominy of not being able to meet the amount yourself. I had already heard from other sources most of what you have just told me. I understood that the bankruptcy might come upon you even rather sooner than you had expected. I merely wanted to be of some slight service to you.— Are you coming my way, Mr. Friends ?

FRIENDS : Not just now, Mr. Enemies. Good-day.

ENEMIES : Good-day, and let me assure you before we part that I bear no malice whatsoever.

He goes off slowly R. staring back at them. SMITH *and* FRIENDS *watch him off, and then settle to their own talk.*

FRIENDS : Johnnie, I think you've made a mistake. He can do you great harm.

FOOD (*entering officiously*) : The Manager presents his compliments, and, in case you need one, you will find a fried fish shop at the second corner on the left, outside.

J. S. : Where is the Manager ?

FOOD : Been called away on urgent business.

J. S. : Where is that brother of yours ?—*Hunger*.

FOOD : I understand he has work in this neighbourhood, and will be at your service any moment you may need him. Mr. Enemies is already taking the precaution of ringing him up on the telephone.

J. S. : Thank you, Food. Two *Pêches Melba*, please.

FOOD : They will take some time to prepare. (*Pointedly.*) They may not be ready until about four. Aye ?

He creeps off L. with bent knees, watching them over his shoulder suspiciously.

FRIENDS : I am sorry about all this bother. None of us heard of it until to-day.

J. S. : What have they been telling you ?

FRIENDS : Aren't you bankrupt ?

J. S. : Poor little Friends, you are too credulous.

FRIENDS : Well, now that we are rid of that detestable Enemies, please tell me everything.

J. S. (*after short reflection*) : Do you remember sometimes looking at a plate glass shop-front and seeing only yourself in it as though there were nothing beyond, until suddenly the focus of your eyes changed, and they fixed themselves on all the stuff inside the window, and you saw your *self* no more ? Or you may have been talking to someone who had his back to the sea, closely staring into the friendly eyes, absorbed only in them. Suddenly, as if a vast curtain had been lifted, you saw the ocean beyond, and heard it. Then you lost your companion, who immediately became a dot in the vision. I don't know how to explain what has happened to me ; I can't,—even to myself.

FRIENDS : This is very troublesome for you, dear Johnnie. Oughtn't you to see a doctor ?

J. S. : I think perhaps I ought to. But I shall await developments.

FRIENDS : Don't wait too long.

J. S. : Well, at this moment I can think of no better doctor than you, Friends. My mind is in repose with you. We are of the same kind. We talk the same language. We feel comfortable in speech, or in silence. We were fortunate to meet in this short life. I hate that ghoul, Death . . . . I hope he does not mean to part me from you. For if he comes between us we may never know each other again.

FRIENDS : He will not part us. If I see him coming, I will step between him and you. I don't think of him ever, and I do not fear him.

J. S. : Nor have I feared him—yet—to-day——

Enter AMUSEMENT. *He is a slight, but affable, handsome and attractive youth, dressed gaily, and glowing with mirth. He stands Centre.* FRIENDS *notices him at once.*

FRIENDS : You flatter Death too much. He's not worth a thought. But *here* is a true and worthy companion. Where will you lead us, AMUSEMENT, you jolly fellow ? My friend has bad habits. Hold his hand, and take him away from himself. Show him new scenes !

AMUSEMENT : A gallery ; a concert ; a theatre ; eating ; drinking ! Any place you can have, according to me ; and, according to your temperament, receive ?—only give the order ! What do you want, dear sirs ? I will even descend to the Cinema, or the Vapour-bath, provided I may befriend you. Let us only, *only*, ONLY forget life—forget —forget—Oh !—*Habit !*

J. S. (*listening, but resolute*) : I will not go with you.

FRIENDS : Not even to please me ?

J. S. : I should not give you pleasure to-day.

FRIENDS : Your melancholy hurts me. Let me help you to cure it.

AMUSEMENT : Friends cannot come with me unless you come too. He will be no companion for Amusement if you make him sad by your absence.

J. S. : I will test you, Friends. Go and amuse yourself. Don't bother my thoughts, and promise me you will make yourself a fit companion for Amusement ! Then you will be truly Friends—*my* companion.

FRIENDS : I'll go, and I do promise. Good-bye. Will you promise to call me if you want me ?

J. S. : I promise.

AMUSEMENT *and* FRIENDS *go off half-reluctantly together.* SMITH *watches them off, and then fixes himself upon his own thought.*

J. S. : And now . . . . What are the Powers that govern the Twentieth Century Mind ? And to which of them shall I appeal ? God ?—Then, which God ? There *is* Conscience : so people say. But a mere John Smith has so little use for it. We Twentieth Century people are guided, not by powers, but by Impulses. My impulse is just to return to business. I say " impulse," yet surely it is conscience that leads one back to business. Conscience tells us our duties. . . . Oh, fool that I am, shall I laugh or weep ?

The OFFICE DESK *slowly enters R. The* LUNCHEON TABLE *slowly recedes L.* SMITH *wavers between the two. At the last moment he pours himself out a glass from the bottle on the* LUNCHEON TABLE, *then sits down at the* OFFICE DESK *and buries his head in his hands.* MR. BUSINESS *follows the* DESK *on and leans as before over the back of it, staring at* SMITH.

J. S. (*to himself*) : Why have we built up this complicated system for the fulfilment of needs in themselves so simple ? Why am I carrying on a sham life ? How can I escape from it ? Where will it lead me, if not only into the hands of Death ? I care no more now. I'll lie down like a dog on the hearthrug.

BUSINESS (*suavely*) : Let me help you to calm yourself.

J. S. (*slowly noticing him*) : I expected you would come here again.

BUSINESS : If you expected me, that, Mr. Smith, is why I have come.

J. S. (*sourly*) : Why did you spread a report that I was bankrupt ?

BUSINESS : I never have spread reports personally. Other people do all that work for me.

J. S. : You are a sham and a hypocrite ; false, hollow and treacherous.

BUSINESS : Disbelief in me is ruin.

J. S. : Liar !

BUSINESS : Listen, John Smith, I tell you plainly that you are in my hands. Without me you have no life.

J. S. : You told me this morning you had no relation to life.

BUSINESS : I am speaking now of *your* life. To life generally I have no more relation than——

VOICE BEHIND SCREEN : Liar !

BUSINESS : Did you say that ?

J. S. : No.

BUSINESS (*suspiciously*) : Who are you that are speaking for John Smith ?

VOICE BEHIND SCREEN : I am Life.

BUSINESS (*tentatively, with restrained fury*) : Tyrant, leave us to conduct our affairs in peace. Return to your bees, your rabbits, and your tadpoles ; or to young women in child. Leave Men and their more serious affairs to me, painted Harlequin !

Do you not hear me ? Are you still there ? Answer !—Will you answer ?

You were always clever at interfering in the talk of other people. Then *you* become silent. I know that of old. How dare you taunt me, miserable Life ? I can starve you. I can torture you, I can bring you to your knees. I endure everlastingly. You flit like a will o' the wisp, and your place is never known. Show yourself, ridiculous Life ! Where are you ?

LIFE (*after a pause*) : Everywhere.

BUSINESS (*trembling*) : Mr. Smith, I have other appointments. I will leave my card in case you require me. I hope you will excuse my hurry. Very urgent affairs. Good-day.

Exit very hurriedly. SMITH *watches him off, nearly smiling, then throws the ink-pot after him.*

J. S. (*to himself*) : If the choice is between *you* and bankruptcy, I will choose bankruptcy. But all this time I am aimlessly dreaming. . . . And I believe I am developing the habit of talking to myself. Now, for some work ! (*Almost gaily.*) What's all this on my desk ?

At this stage he meanders on gloomily, half considering the papers on his Desk, talking to himself distractedly, and occasionally his head sinks into his hands. Meanwhile LIFE *several times calls him by name.*

LIFE : John Smith !

J. S. (*reading letters*) : " Sirs, When your Mr. John Smith called upon us last week, he informed us that "—" Your Mr. John Smith ! " Whose ? Oh, yes, the firm's, of course : John Smith of John Smith & Co., Ltd. *That*, I may certainly be ; but who, then, am I, myself ?

LIFE (*quietly*) : I can answer you.

J. S. : Who are you speaking to me whose voice sometimes sounds like my own thought ? What voice are you outside myself calling inwardly to me ?

LIFE : I cannot tell you who I am.

J. S. : Where are you ?

LIFE : I am visible everywhere, and invisible everywhere.

J. S. : Have you a form ?

LIFE : I have every form ; but no form.

J. S. : Can you help me to answer the questions that burn my brain ?

LIFE : No. . . . Well ?

J. S. : Can you command them to cease, or help me to make them cease ? God ! I am tormented.

LIFE : God will not help you. (*Pause.*)

J. S. : I will walk round the room, and then return to my desk as though nothing had happened. I mustn't let these delusions get the better of me, or I'm lost.

Imaginary voices in the air ! Bosh ! Speech without lips ! Rot ! —There is no one behind that screen, I suppose ? (*Waits.*) No, of course not.—Now, on with your work, you idiot ! (*Settles down.*)

LIFE : John Smith !

J. S. (*calling off loudly to the Clerk*) : Come and take these papers, please ! (*The Clerk enters R.*) They are all formal matters. I may not be here to-morrow.

LIFE : John Smith !

J. S. : Did you hear a voice then—not my own ?

The Clerk shakes his head stupidly and bustles off with the papers.

J. S. : Oh, terrible ! *You*, if you are there, whoever you may be, do not only call out my name ! Help me ! I will relax my mind to your will. I am afraid of To-day. I am still more afraid of To-morrow. I don't know whether I am more afraid of life, or of death.

LIFE : You fear Life ? Fear me ?

J. S. : Yes, *why* do you speak ? I have never heard you speak before.

LIFE : You always hear me. But I have so many voices that they muffle my own. Men hear my speech through other voices.

J. S. : But now I'm listening to your own voice ?

LIFE : *Your* own voice.

J. S. : Have I two voices ?

LIFE : To-day you have. To-day you tore my voice out of your lungs ; my image from your heart. You cast me to a distance. You have questioned me. You have doubted me. You have disbelieved in me. Therefore I have become outside yourself, and what you hear is a voice of your own that you have cast out, the voice of your life speaking to yourself—the voice of Life.

J. S. : Then you are the voice of Life ; the Voice of God——

LIFE : I am the *Voice* of Life ; not Life ; not God.

J. S. (*in violent emotion*) : You are God. Oh stay ! You gave me Life——

LIFE : I gave you nothing—since you ask me.

J. S. : You promised me something. Before you go, tell me——

LIFE : I promised you nothing. I can tell you nothing. . . . Plants, insects, birds, beasts, horses, cats, even dogs ask no explanations of life, and no promises. But Man proclaims life a gift ; then tries to haggle with it. What you have received, you have received. I have given you nothing. Life comes from itself.

J. S. : Why did you speak to me if you have nothing to tell me ?

LIFE : Calm ! Calm ! Calm ! You yourself began the argument when you were born. You have lost the thread of it. You have even given me a voice. But I shall only be here a few moments.

J. S. : Then I *will* see you.

LIFE : Calm ! Calm ! You are alive to-day. That is enough for you. The days, the months, the years will pass : how quickly ! The face of the earth will change. This little civilisation, with its millions of John Smiths, will be swept away. Millions of years you will have been asleep. For a few years in between the millions you will have been almost awake. For one day you will have been quite awake. That is to-day. Do not spoil it. You will remember it afterwards.

J. S. : While I am still awake tell me : who am I ?

LIFE : It does not matter.

J. S. : I may die before sunset. Then there will be doctors and lawyers, perhaps even the coroner, all wanting to know who I am. That will matter.

LIFE : It will not. You will be dead.

J. S. (*in panic*) : What do you say ? I ?—dead ? If I am to die I will *know* you first.

He rises, and spreads his arms wildly above him, then sinks back into his chair.

J. S. : You cannot show yourself because you are a transparent fraud. You lurk in the invisible, the better to pursue your one aim, which is to reproduce yourself again, and again, and again.

LIFE : That is a method, not an aim, Mr. Smith.

J. S. : Why do you want to reproduce yourself—*you ?*

LIFE : I live to live.

J. S. : Then be damned to you, Life ! You answer no better than the fool, Traffic. Living is no object in itself. Man is your master. You can't explain your blind gift ; but man, if he will, can. Life, in yourself, you are nothing. Come back into my blood ! I will use you while I have you. Where are you ? Behind that screen ? Your old trick ! I can't see you. But I am not afraid. Where are you, Life ?

He rushes at the screen and pushes it over. It falls with a dull clattering roar. A short silence follows.

J. S. : Where are you ?—Oh, my heart ! Oh, the blood in my veins ! Am I fainting ? (*He seizes the telephone and shouts into it.*) Ordinary ; double nine. . . . Thank you. Is that you ? Doctor immediately ! Mr. John Smith. Ill. Yes. No. Wait ! . . . . I'm better now suddenly. That is my address, 99 Middle Common Avenue, isn't it ? Yes ? Well, I'll come home at once. Send for the doctor ! I wasn't feeling well ; but I'm much better. Send for the doctor at once ! Perhaps he'll be waiting for me by the time I'm there.

Replaces receiver. Puts on hat and coat. OFFICE DESK *slowly recedes R. Noise of* TRAFFIC *begins, works up to a climax, then calms down.* ARMCHAIR *enters L.* SMITH *throws his coat and hat on the floor behind it ; then sits down.*

J. S. (*calm*) : Here's another day finishing of the 20,000 or so that I have to live. Eventful enough ! I wonder if there's anything more. I hardly need that doctor now. Perhaps he won't come. I'll read. What's this book I left in the chair ?—" Civilised Man." (*Opens it.*) " There are three stages in the actual life of Humanity : Innocence ; Consciousness ; Superconsciousness. The first belongs to the past, the second to the present, the third to the future. Underlying all is the Subconscious." It's becoming too dark to read. I'm drowsy, and rather —no, very, hungry. (*Enter* DINNER TABLE *R. with shaded candles.*) I wonder if dinner'll be ready soon. A little doze wouldn't hurt me. Oh, how tired I am !

He dozes off immediately for a minute. Meanwhile the DOCTOR *enters R. and stands on the far side of the* DINNER TABLE *opposite his chair. The* DOCTOR *is enveloped in a large coat and soft hat, and has his face concealed by a purple muffler.*

J. S. (*awakening*) : Oh ! Where am I ? I'm afraid to sleep. Is there someone in the room ?—Who are you standing there ? Speak !

DOCTOR (*very calmly*) : Only the Doctor.

J. S. : What a fool I am ! My nerves are fairly bad, you see. I was just wondering whether I needed you. Apparently I do.

DOCTOR : Don't let me interrupt your dinner.

J. S. (*rising*) : Won't you have some with me ?

DOCTOR : No, thank you. I don't eat.

J. S. : Then I won't eat yet, either. (*The Armchair goes off.*)

DOCTOR : Yes : you must. I prefer people in the full bloom of their appetites. One becomes a fool of Habit. Most cases are too simple. One prescribes the same medicine for everybody. Begin your food at once ! (*Smith begins to eat.*) I am not an ordinary doctor. You have not needed me before, all the time you have lived in this neighbourhood. You've been healthy. I'll be very careful of you.—Are you enjoying your food ?

J. S. (*jocularly*) : Is this your way of finding out if I've a good appetite ? You must encourage me by taking off your muffler, and making yourself more at home.

DOCTOR (*definitely*) : I shall be going out into the air again so soon. I will not take it off.

J. S. (*less jocularly*) : As you wish. Please don't be offended. I was only thinking of your comfort——

DOCTOR : Just as I am thinking of yours. There is only one cure for you.

J. S. (*seriously*) : Thank you. My nerves have been in such a condition all day ; but I don't think I need any help now. I'm much better.

DOCTOR : I leave nothing to chance. I cure by the positive method.

J. S. : You have some new system ?

DOCTOR : I will go so far as to say there is no other remedy in the world but mine.

J. S. : Indeed ! I must come to you when I feel ill again. I do not feel any too confident of my health just yet.

DOCTOR : You well may not.

J. S. : You startle me. Why ?

DOCTOR : I have come to you to administer my cure.

J. S. : You startle me even more. I've never been accustomed to doctors. My health has been good, and as a rule I don't believe in them. Do you think I am ill ?

DOCTOR : More than ill. There is only one cure. Mine !

THE BED *has been slowly entering L. When it is stationary, its sides fall down gradually and it develops into a coffin on a bier.*

J. S. : Shall I have to go to bed for your cure ? Oh, I feel cold !

DOCTOR : Yes, I think you may shiver.

J. S. : I will have my hot-water bottle filled at once.

DOCTOR : You will need all that heat ; while it lasts.

J. S. : I have become ill while we have been talking. How strange !

DOCTOR : You will become worse before our talk is over, I fear.

J. S. : I think I must go to bed now.

DOCTOR : I think your bed is ready, behind you.

THE DOCTOR *has been gazing beyond* SMITH. *He, overcome by fear, very slowly moves his head round backward toward the* BED. *He sees it as a Coffin, then, very slowly, turns back toward the* DOCTOR, *who has meanwhile removed his muffler and shown his face as The Death Skull.*

DOCTOR (*airily*) : These are only the minor formalities.

J. S. (*in calm frenzy*) : I am *not* ready to die.

DOCTOR : Everyone says that.

J. S. : I *want* to live.

DOCTOR : That too. Living is only a desultory habit. You will easily overcome it.

J. S. : I won't die.

DOCTOR : That's better. I prefer strength and ambition. My job is so ancient. One becomes too lazy.

J. S. : I haven't time to die. I am too busy. I have engagements, a month ahead, that I must keep. Do you understand ? I can't break my promises. Other people are dependent on my keeping them. My arrangements are all made for living : none for dying. I have been learning all my life to live. It would be foolish to waste that knowledge and experience. You are a thief. You have come to steal.

DOCTOR : My vocation is quite honourable.—Please, Mr. Smith !

J. S. : Leave my house !

DOCTOR : I like your spirit. You'll die well. I can't think why I had to fetch you. I was told you'd passed a bad day. But you seem fit enough. Perhaps you have some habit I don't know of. Perhaps Life has some grudge against you. Anyway, I like you, and even pity you. I may have to strangle you at the last. I'm afraid I'm half jealous of your preference for Life. After all, what has your life been ? What has it given you ? I think I'll treat you to a plain statement of fact : a kind of recitative. Listen !—First, you were conceived of parents you did not know, and may not have wanted to know. Secondly, you were weaned of your innocence and brought up to a world that had been made by other people, without your knowledge or intention. You entered upon your youth, that praised period ; but you were too young to enjoy it. When you became older you looked backward toward youth. The ten years of life that you might have relished will never arrive. Old Age is not as soft as it looks. If you sit down upon

that lap you will find bones beneath, and grizzled hair above, and falling teeth around you. The bones of Old Age creak. You, with upturned face, will know that his smiles are really wrinkles. From the beginning of your life you have been trying to pretend that you are—well—alive. It has been short, drab, dreary, and rather ridiculous. Don't make a fuss now. I have favoured you with an unusual amount of explanation. I am always rather busy. . . . Well ?

J. S. : Your words do not touch me. I *will* not die.

DOCTOR (*rising*) : I can spare no more time.

J. S. : On formal oath, and in face of the whole world, animate and inanimate, I declare that I, John Smith——

DOCTOR : JOHN !——

J. S. : I, John Smith, of 99 Middle Common Avenue, will not die !

DOCTOR : NINETY-NINE !

J. S. : You are turning black ! Your bones are knocking !

DOCTOR (*in appalled hurry*) : Oh, Habit ! There are too many men in the world. I can't trace them. I have become careless. I shall lose my job.—Who lives next door ?

J. S. : JAMES Smith.

DOCTOR : What is his number ?

J. S. : ONE HUNDRED.

DOCTOR : Is he ill ?

J. S. : He has been an invalid for years. Very ill.

DOCTOR : The wrong house ! The wrong house !

He picks himself up, and flies in frenzy out from the house R. SMITH *eats a mouthful of food, then glances serenely back toward his coffin, which turns into the* BED *again. He then continues his food, winks toward the Audience, pours himself a large glass of wine, and the Curtain falls.*

1921.

(19) JANUARY.—*Eleven New Poems by Contemporary Poets*, together with *Certain Prose Epigrams*, and a *Note* by Robert Bridges.

(20) FEBRUARY.—*Puppets and Poets.* By E. Gordon Craig, with several Decorations and five full-page designs.

(21) MARCH.—*A House* (*Modern Morality Play*). By Ford Madox Hueffer. With several Decorations.

(22) APRIL.—*Prose in Poetry* (*Three Essays*). By T. S. Eliot, Frederic Manning and Richard Aldington.

(23) MAY.—*Nineteen Poems by Contemporary Poets*, also *Pathology des Dommagistes*.

(24) JUNE.—*A List of* 101 *Commendable Plays*, ancient and modern, with notes, for the use of Dramatic Societies, etc.

1922.

(25) FEBRUARY.—*Twelve New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(26) MAY.—*Seventeen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(27) JULY.—*Three Questions and Twenty-Seven Answers regarding the Necessity, the Function, and the Form of Poetry.*

(28) AUGUST.—*New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(29) SEPTEMBER.—*An Essay by Richard Aldington and a Satire by Osbert Sitwell.*

(30) OCTOBER.—*Twenty New Poems by Contemporary Poets.*

(31) NOVEMBER.—*Prose and Verse Miscellany.*

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